



Thoreau Society Bulletin

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Swimming in Walden Pond: Thoreau's Way and Today

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A recent article in the *Concord Journal* bore the headline "Why Not at Walden? Locals Say They Stay Clear of the State Pond."¹ It claimed that, by and large, today's Concordians do not swim in Walden Pond because they prefer pools. I beg to differ. Every July and August, and often in June and September as well, especially when the skies are sunny, like Henry Thoreau before me, I swim in Walden Pond, often in the late afternoon after work. Here I always meet many other Concord residents—from mothers with toddlers to middle-aged, wet-suited "serious swimmers" to golden-aged dunkers.²

Furthermore, I maintain that any Concord resident—or any true Thoreauvian for that matter—who does not take advantage of their fortuitous proximity to Walden Pond will be missing one of the unique and extraordinary opportunities of living in or visiting Concord, if they neglect the opportunity to swim there. Why is that, you might inquire? Here are just a few of my reasons:

Beauty. As you descend the steep path to the pond, you glimpse shimmering water through branches of pines and birches. Curving green banks encompass the waters. Later, as the sun dips orange towards the horizon, both beaches and bathers are infused with an orange glow. As you look into the setting sun, bathers, swimmers, canoes, and kayaks are backlit on the glittering waters and silhouetted against the setting sun. The always calm waters of Walden Pond produce a profound calming effect for me at the end of a busy day.

Activities. Look around you. On the main beach, ignominiously named "Diaper Beach" by *Yankee Magazine*, mothers (and some fathers) are helping their children take their first tentative splashes and swim strokes. Kids are digging water-filled canals and building sand castles on the shore. Adults, many stretched out on straw mats or lounge chairs, catch up on their conversations or on their reading between swims. Triathletes slip on their wet suits and goggles before starting their long conditioning swims up and down the length of Walden Pond.

On the nearby Red Cross Beach on Walden's southern shore, friends play catch or frisbee in the water. Swimmers either slowly immerse themselves into the clear water or run and take a plunge. Families enjoy sunset picnics after their swims. Kids marvel at the small fish which scoot by in the shallow water. Waddling ashore,

five fearless mallard ducks pay their late afternoon call to beach loungers. Hikers pass, heading for secluded coves or for the site of Thoreau's cabin at the east end of the pond. Fishermen with children and rods in hand search for a quiet spot to fish.

People. Concord today, as well as yesterday, is often criticized for its lack of diversity. In addition to Concord swimmers, visitors to Walden Pond are now comprised of a wide variety of nationalities, languages, ages, and physiques. As one of the few public swimming spots near to Boston, Walden Pond now attracts a huge number and variety of recreation seekers intent on escaping the heat of the city. One Sunday, as I sat on Red Cross Beach, a Portuguese-speaking group of twenty-somethings next to me told me about their lives in Brazil. After I came back from my dip, they had been replaced by a more portly Russian family with three plump bikini-clad teen-aged daughters. When I returned from another swim, they had been replaced by a German speaking family.

In recent days, I have talked to visitors from Spain, France, England, the Caribbean, South America, Russia, China, Japan, Sweden, Poland, and many other countries. Some are here for short visits. Others are students or workers staying for several years. Still others are permanent residents of America. For anyone with an interest in international relations, you need go no farther than the shores of Walden today to encounter a veritable United Nations variety pack of friendly swimmers and visitors.

Origins. I doubt that most visitors, local or foreign, know about the origins of Walden Pond. Geologists call it a glacial kettle hole. As the Pleistocene glacier covering northern New England retreated some 12,000 years ago, meltwater and suspended sand and gravel poured downward from the mile-thick glacier to produce an 80-foot-deep deposit. Huge ice blocks, left after the glacier retreated, were partially buried in outwash debris. When the ice blocks melted, depressions called kettle holes remained

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Swimming at Walden Pond

Photographer: Joel Andrews, originally published in *Concord Journal* on September, 11, 2008

where the ice had prevented deposition of sand and gravel. As temperatures warmed, the ice melted, filling the kettle hole with meltwater. One resulting kettle hole depression is the 100-foot-deep Walden Pond (also called Lake Walden), a body of crystal-clear water. Although divers exploring the floor of the pond have searched, no streams have been discovered either entering it or leaving it. Ground water levels, rain, melting snow, and shore runoffs replenish Walden waters, whereas evaporation brings balance to keep the water level fairly constant. However, in seasons with heavy rain and snow, water levels are higher and therefore the width of its sandy beaches shrinks.

History. English settlers first came to Concord in 1635. During the next two hundred years they cleared most of Concord's woods for grazing and farming. Walden Woods still remained, however, since its sandy soil made for poor farming. Its pine forests served Concord settlers as a wood lot for cutting trees for fuel. Track for the Fitchburg Railroad line was laid next to the pond in 1844. Trees were cut for railroad ties and locomotive fuel by Irish workers, who lived in shanties around the Pond.

Thoreau. In 1845, Henry Thoreau built his 10 by 15 foot cabin near the shore on the east end of the Pond on a plot of land owned by Ralph Waldo Emerson and used as his wood lot. He lived there for two years, using his solitude to write a book, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, in honor of his recently deceased brother John. He also wanted to observe nature directly, which he did by daily "saunters" in the forest in all seasons. He then wrote copious notes in his journals, which later served as the basis for his most famous work, *Walden, or Life in the Woods*, published in 1854.

Some later Walden naturalists, such as Mary Sherwood, founder of Walden Forever Wild, were to decry all recreational

uses of Walden Pond, such as swimming and boating, since they favored keeping Walden Pond a pristine natural, and thus swimless, "sanctuary." However, it is interesting to read Thoreau's enthusiastic descriptions of his own swimming in Walden each morning and afternoon. "Every morning was a cheerful invitation to make my life of equal simplicity, and I may say innocence with Nature herself. . . . I got up early and bathed in the pond; that was a religious exercise, and one of the best things which I did," Thoreau wrote in *Walden*.³ For him it evoked "the everlasting vigor and fertility of the world. The morning, which is the most memorable season of the day is the awakening hour."⁴ His early morning ablutions in Walden Pond helped him to realize that "Morning is when I am awake and there is dawn in me. Moral reform is the effort to throw off sleep."⁵

And again Thoreau writes, "After hoeing or perhaps reading and writing, in the forenoon, I usually bathed again in the pond, swimming across one of its coves for a stint, and washed the dust of labor from my person or smoothed out the last wrinkle which study had made, and for the afternoon was absolutely free."⁶ Thus, Thoreau's swims in Walden helped both to awaken him at dawn and to calm him at dusk.

Today. Approximately 600,000 visitors come to Walden Pond each year. Many of these pilgrims visit the site of Thoreau's cabin, discovered by Roland Robbins in 1945, on the east end of the Pond. Here, granite stakes mark the outline of Thoreau's home on the Pond. Nearby is a cairn, formed by the piled, inscribed rocks left as a symbol of respect for Thoreau by thousands of pilgrims from all over the world. A wooden sign at the foot of the cairn reads: "I went to the woods, because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach and not, when I came to die,

discover that I had not lived.”⁷

Visitors are also able to go inside a replica of the cabin, fronted by a statue of Henry, next to the parking lot. Walden Pond is currently managed by the Massachusetts Department of Environmental Management (DEM), which tries to balance public recreation with environmental protection.⁸ For the past few years this has entailed projects to reverse land bank erosion, costing millions of dollars. For walkers, the circumference of the Pond is 1.7 miles. For swimmers, the Pond is 102 feet deep in the middle, exactly the same depth as when Thoreau surveyed it over 150 years ago.

Some Useful Tips. Weekday visitors to the Walden Pond State Reservation will usually have no difficulty finding a parking space in the lot, which holds 350 cars. However, on sunny weekends it is best to arrive before 11 AM, to avoid being excluded due to a full lot. Admission is \$5 per car or \$35 for the season. Seniors, 62 or older, can obtain a green pass at the front gate, which allows them park for free indefinitely. An alternative strategy is to park elsewhere and walk to the Pond. (Henry Thoreau, were he with us today, would certainly approve.)

¹ Hannah Richardson, “Why Not Walden? Locals Say They Stay Clear of State Pond,” *Concord Journal* 82, July 3, 2008.

² Joseph L. Andrews, “There’s Many Reasons to Swim at Walden,” *Concord Journal* 82, September 11, 2008.

³ Henry David Thoreau, *The Writings of Henry David Thoreau: Walden* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2004), 88.

⁴ Thoreau, 89.

⁵ Thoreau, 90.

⁶ Thoreau, 167.

⁷ Thoreau, 90.

⁸ Massachusetts Department of Environmental Management, “Walden Pond State Reservation,” (Brochure), 2008.

A Thoreauvian Sojourn in Alaska¹

Tom Waite

I went to the wilds of northern Alaska. I went there to live deliberately as Thoreau had done nearly a dozen years ago in his iconic experiment in simple living at Walden Pond. Henry did his solitary sojourn of 2 years, 2 months, and 2 days on the outskirts of Concord, Massachusetts, about 1.4 linear miles from his mom’s kitchen. I did my copycat sojourn of 9 months, 9 days, and 9 hours hundreds of miles from the nearest paved road and traffic light and hospital. I overwintered in a log cabin above the Arctic Circle. In an arc accounting for Earth’s curvature, I ventured 3,284 miles from my boyhood home in Maine.

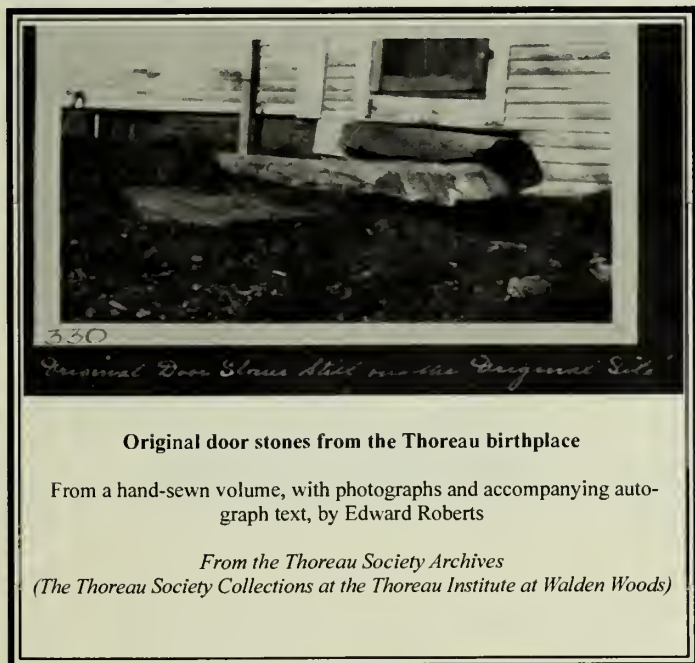
Henry was a half-hearted hermit during his stint at Walden. He had neighbors. He encountered them on his walks around Walden and environs. He sometimes wandered right through town and even attended lectures and dinner parties. By contrast, I’d be a hardcore hermit. I wouldn’t be associating with conspecifics (a.k.a. *Homo sapiens*) during my sojourn. The nearest apes were many miles away. I would not be commuting to town for cookies.

Henry’s experiment was hardly frivolous. He kept prodigious journals, which would become *Walden*. He hiked here and there daily, botanizing and generally observing the natural world. In the end, he’s been credited with making one grandiose contribution after another, as poet, philosopher, conservationist, abolitionist. And he’s become famous for being famous.

My purpose was a tad less grandiose. Sure, I went to the wilds as a personal experiment in simple living, for self discovery and contemplation. But I also had a utilitarian reason for doing so: I overwintered solo while working on a doctoral dissertation on the food-hoarding and winter survival strategies of “Earth’s best bird,” the gray jay. Although my neighbors were all nonhuman, I would have a form of indirect, one-way contact with the outside world. I’d eavesdrop. I’d be a listening Tom. But I’m getting ahead of myself.

Before eavesdropping, I spent several days backpacking in supplies for the winter. (Later, I’d use a toboggan to haul books, including a dog-eared copy of *Walden* I packed in a burlap sack bulging with pinto beans.) I packed tins of peanut butter and the rest of my food, including gourmet chocolate, dried papaya, mango, and ginger, and yogurt-covered cashews. But showing none of Thoreau’s self-restraint, I managed to exhaust my supply of these treats in a few days. That was O.K. I never regretted my inability to ration this food. This held true even when late winter rolled around and I ate a monotonous diet of simple hearty pinto bean survival sludge—for forty-eight consecutive days.

After polishing off my goodies, I spent six days building a cabin. I was up to the task, having owned an axe from the unripe young age of 9 as a lad growing up in the Great North Woods of Maine. (In my parents’ defense, those were the days when car seats and bicycle helmets would have been laughable. Plus, I was born in Bangor, a logging boom town in Thoreau’s day, on the same street where the massive statue of Paul Bunyan towers over passersby to this day. So allowing me to own an axe in my pre-teen years seemed somehow apropos.) I had the requisite skills. Heck, I could even do tricks like lighting a wooden match by splitting the red phosphorous-coated tip with the axe blade. I was rearing to go.



On day 1 of my cabin-building, I felled the trees. On day 2, I notched the logs and assembled the walls. On day 3, I put on a spruce-pole roof. On day 4, I covered the roof with sod. On day 5, I made a door and built a bunk of spruce poles. On day 6, I put in a spruce-pole floor. Then I fashioned a woodstove by pounding a nail through a 30-gallon drum many times to perforate a hole for the stovepipe. I christened my new home with a blazing fire. I had myself a toasty hovel.

My new cabin was smaller, cheaper, and humbler than Henry's. My trapezoidal hut, with the front and side walls 9 feet across and the back wall just 6 feet across, contained a modest 67½ square feet of floor space. Henry's rectangular cottage contained 150 square feet of floor space. And it cost him dearly too. While we both spent \$28.12, Henry's expenses—adjusted for inflation—were roughly \$3,000 and so trumped mine a hundred-fold. Henry built his place with shanty boards and recycled shingles and old bricks and plaster and horse hair; I built mine of spruce logs and sod and moss. Why he chose to live in such an ostentatious place, I'll never know.

With the structure in place, I spent an afternoon chinking the walls with sphagnum moss. Repetitively, I reached down and grabbed moss and then worked it into a crack. I was busily and quietly chinking away when I suddenly detected motion. Then, I caught a glimpse of a black bear. It was about thirty feet away. I froze. The bear disappeared behind some willows. I held my breath and waited for it to reappear. When it did, I realized it wasn't a bear at all. It was a black wolf.

It froze broadside. We both stared. We stood in suspended animation for five seconds, then ten, then fifteen. It seemed like minutes. Finally, I spoke. What I said still strikes me as an odd thing to say, even under the pressure of that once-in-a-lifetime moment. I asked, "Would you like some tea?" I still regret this, not so much that I ruined the atavistic moment by speaking, but that I offered the wolf tea. Why? My words broke the spell and the wolf immediately fled. One red squirrel after another scolded the wolf as it loped down the creek, intruding into their territories as I had so rudely intruded into its territory.

That night, I howled from the roof. I threw back my head and let loose with one long rising howl, with a little vibrato. I waited . . . nothing. I was about to try again, when I heard a reply coming from downstream. A few seconds later one of its pack-mates howled, from upstream. And then another wolf howled from yet another direction and then another and another. It was a full-pack chorus, complete with pups singing backup.

With the cabin ready, I turned my attention to the comparably fulfilling task of "making wood." I spent the next couple weeks collecting driftwood from gravel bars along the creek. I sawed, split, and stacked wood until the cabin was surrounded by seven cords. With fuel aplenty, twice my body weight in beans, granola, and other edibles, and nearly a quarter ton of books, I was ready to overwinter.

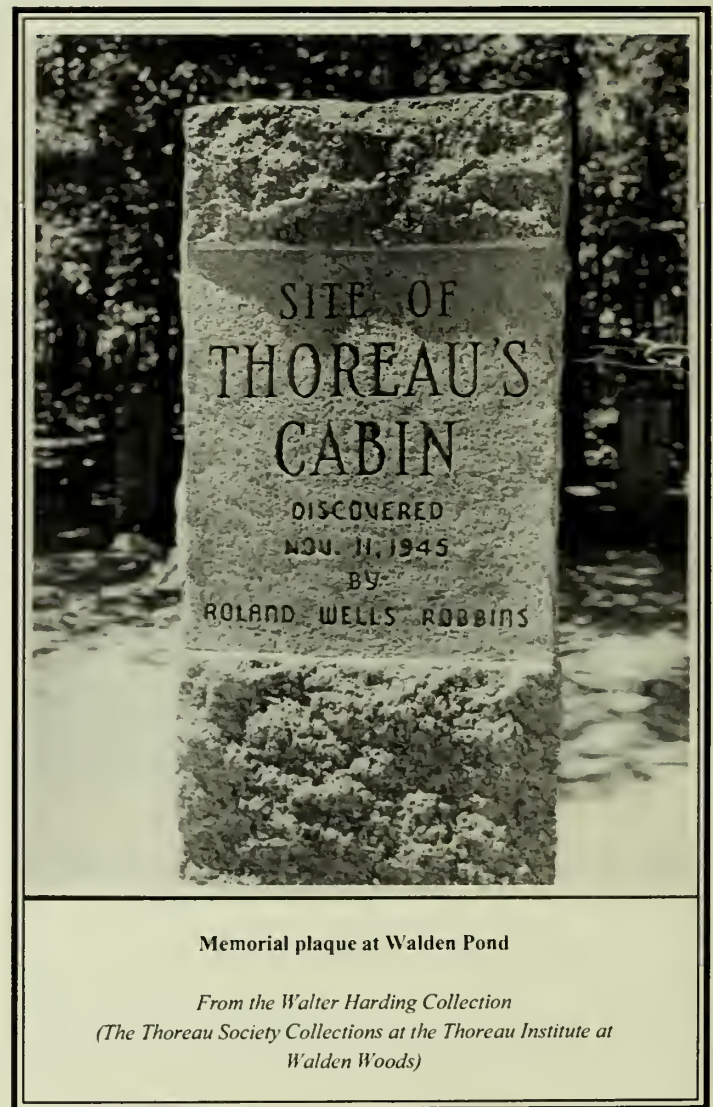
It was the happiest time of my life, with never a pang of loneliness. But I did wonder what was going on in the outside world. One day I turned on my radio and scanned the dial. Nothing but static, so I tried the trick bush bums use. I wrapped a wire several dozen times around the radio, tied one end to a rock and threw the rock into a tree. I wrapped the other end of the wire around a nail, drove the nail into the ground, and voila! From no reception whatsoever, I could suddenly listen to Radio Moscow, WBZ Boston, and many other stations, broadcasting from all over the northern hemisphere. I'd have company in the form of daily visits by loudmouth talk-show hosts. It was the usual AM radio

fare. There would be no NPR—no Morning Edition, Fresh Air, or All Things Considered. But at least I had reception. I had one-way contact with the outside world. Henry, for better or worse, did his sojourn before the advent—and affront—of the radio. In fact, his sojourn predated by a few decades the discovery of radio waves. No wonder Henry did so much visiting during his time at Walden. He was probably lonely.

Although I had no bidirectional contact with my own species, I did have plenty of contact with nonhuman animals. Some of these encounters were of the fleeting hair-raising variety, while others morphed into long-term relationships complete with codependence. In all of these encounters, I was an invasive yet integral part of the ecological community. And I was universally feared for my position atop the food chain, notwithstanding the fact that only members of the delectable fish species known as Arctic grayling were ever truly at risk.

Eventually, it was time to abandon my little slice of heaven and do as Thoreau had done: rejoin the townsfolk. In my own way, I'd lived deliberately, sucked the marrow out of life, and found my sojourn to be sublime. It's now time to give a true account.

¹ This essay is an excerpt from Tom Waite's forthcoming book *WILD with Latitude*.



Honoring Thoreau

Richard E. Winslow III

I once asked myself, "How can I show my respect for Henry David Thoreau above and beyond the usual fidelity to his life and work?" I had read his books, walked the Harvard yard, swam in Walden, paddled the rivers and lakes in the Maine woods, and climbed the Cape Cod sand dunes. But for me, that was not enough.

I resolved to devote time in research at libraries in hopes of finding reviews, lecture announcements, obituaries—anything relevant on the man. About twenty years ago I mailed my first item, a previously unknown 1854 *Walden* review from my hometown newspaper, the *Portsmouth (NH) Journal of Literature and Politics*, to Walter Harding, founding editor of the *Thoreau Society Bulletin*. Since then, many of my submissions, especially nineteenth-century items, have been faithfully printed in the *Bulletin*.

What have I learned from this ongoing research? Let me start by saying that I once talked informally with a well-known and respected American literature critic and poet at a nature writer's conference in Colorado. "You know, Dick," my friend said to me, "I can mention this to you because you are an older person. I knew both Wallace Stegner and Ed Abbey. Since their passings, they have been transformed into legends, becoming so mythologized and canonized that it goes far beyond what they were in life." With the passage of time a mellowing process almost inevitably alters a deceased author's legacy.

In a like manner, as I analyzed Thoreau's literary reception during and after his lifetime, I saw—long before its application to Stegner and Abbey—the same basic principle in place. That is to say, a living, important, controversial writer, once he or she passes on, evolves into a deity for his age and succeeding ones.

During the 1840s, 1850s, and the 1860s, hostile critics called Thoreau, among other things, "an eccentric hermit," "a disciple of Emerson," and a "Pagan." These harsh, prickly reviews, contrasting with more positive ones, reveal at least to me, the "real" humanized Thoreau, oftentimes a far cry from the twentieth and twenty-first century idol and plaster saint icon he has since become.

From these contemporary materials I ascertained that Thoreau was far better known during his lifetime than commonly believed, my discoveries concurring with existing scholarship. Heretofore un-researched metropolitan, town, and even village newspapers have yielded much vital information on Thoreau. During his time, he was, indeed, covered by reports and reviewers.

What is my plan for the future? I shall continue to be on the lookout for more Thoreau materials. Such a task of researching old newspapers, often tedious and not for everyone, may be hard on the eyes, poring over microfilm frames. Every now and then, however, a discovery leaps out of the page on the reader's screen. Rare as these occasions are, I have always found my spirits, my digestion, and my night's sleep are vastly improved. Maybe in the future either I or someone else may yet discover elusive, evasive contemporary 1854 *Walden* reviews still waiting to be found. To this aim, I gladly pass on my motto "keep hunting" to others. Serving Thoreau as a researcher affords a most rewarding quest. I expect from time to time to publish further findings in the *Thoreau Society Bulletin*.

Here, now, are the gathered fruits of my labors over the past

several years. The following bibliographic list of sixty-three reviews and comments on Thoreau is based on a set of photocopies taken from the original publications. These photocopies are now deposited in the Thoreau Society Archives, housed at the Henley Library of the Walden Woods Project in Lincoln. The citation form follows that established by Gary Scharnhorst in his *Henry David Thoreau: An Annotated Bibliography of Comment and Criticism before 1900* (New York: Garland, 1992). The numbers follow Scharnhorst's work. For the work of sorting, formatting, and annotating the items, I want to thank Tyler Reeb of the English department of the Claremont Graduate University.¹

1849

65a "A Man of the Woods," *Salem (MA) Register*, 12 April 1849, 1:4

Review of Thoreau's lecture "Life in the Woods," delivered in Portland, Maine. Reprint of item 57.

82a "New Publications," review of *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, *The Boston Daily Chronotype*, 1 June 1849, 2:1.

"This is what Dr Edward Beecher would probably call a very naughty pantheistic book. But we are ready to bet a hat that he has not read it and never will. The style is simple but not without point and sometimes very sharp point. Many will be unkind enough to say that it is Emerson at second hand. But who knows that if Ralph Waldo had not been born there would not have been another Emerson, precisely this Henry D. Thoreau, the product of the same causes? To our task there is in this book a delicious intermixture of landscape painting and philosophy. There is an uncontrollable impatience of chains, and yet the playful quietness of a flock of month old lambs. Still we have no doubt that dull and stupid theology is very much damaged by such books, and Matthew Hale Smith and Parson McClure should be a committee to exterminate them." The review was probably written by Elizur Wright, the abolitionist and reformer editor of the *Chronotype*.

1854

167a "New Publications, &c," review of *Walden, Massachusetts Life Boat: Devoted to Temperance, Morals, Education, Business and General Information*, 15 August 1854, 2:6.

"The author is certainly a great genius, and though something of a hermit, is making his mark in the world. . . . While we admire many passages in the book, and not a few of the author's thoughts, we cannot subscribe to all his sentiments." The review concludes with a long quotation from the final chapter of *Walden*.

1856

258a "Summer Stories," review of *Walden, The Leader* (London), 9 August 1856, 760.

"Here we have a very agreeable series of natural and social studies, fresh in matter and style, with many entertaining anecdotes, and sketches of forest life in America. It is excellent, as a picture of young-settlement manners."

1859

299a "Boston," *The New York Evening Post*, 13 October 1859, 1:6.

A summary of Thoreau's Music Hall lecture.

"H. D. Thoreau, one of the Concord philosophers, read a lecture on Sunday in Parker's pulpit at the Music Hall. Some of his intonations and phrases were quite Emersonian; some of his palpable hits were eminently Parkerish; he began by announcing his subject—"a pretty good dose of myself"—and then talked for an hour and a half on the 'misuse of life.' Some things he said were true, but these were not new, and some were new but not true—a criticism always applicable to this class of speakers and writers." The writer goes on to describe the audience and their reaction to Thoreau's sharp criticisms of the state and then concludes: "The choir giggled, and the assembly broke up without benediction, prayer, or hymn, like a theatre or caucus."

313a "Unique Celebration of John Brown's Death: R. W. Emerson, Thoreau, and Others Taking Part," *The New York Evening Post*, 9 December 1859, 1:5.

"Among the meetings held to commemorate the death of John Brown one of the most unique, and, at the same time, most appropriate, was that held at Concord, in this state." After an opening prayer and hymn, "Mr. H. D. Thoreau advanced and made a brief address. . . ." The correspondent then quotes extensively from Thoreau's remarks.

1860

320a "New Publications," review of James Redpath, *The Public Life of Captain John Brown*, *The New York Evening Post*, 21 February 1860, 1:4.

Notes that the book is dedicated "to Wendell Phillips, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry D. Thoreau, defenders of the faithful, who, when the mob shouted 'Madman!' said 'Saint!'"

1862

350a "New England News Items," *Springfield (MA) Daily Republican*, 9 May 1862, 4:5.

"Henry D. Thoreau, the recluse author, died of consumption at Concord, 7th inst, aged 44 years. His work entitled '*Walden*' and his magazine writings evinced great originality and keenness as a student of nature. He was a favorite disciple of Ralph Waldo Emerson."

353a "Obituary," Bunker-Hill Aurora and Boston Mirror, 10 May 1862, 3:1.

"Henry D. Thoreau, a well-known writer and author of *Walden*, &c. died at Concord, of consumption. The funeral services took place yesterday afternoon at Rev Mr Reynolds's church, when a brief eulogistic address was pronounced by Mr Emerson, his friend and neighbor."

354a "Funeral of Thoreau," *Boston Post*, 12 May, 1862, 4:2.

"The funeral of Henry D. Thoreau took place in the meeting house in Concord on Friday and Ralph Waldo Emerson delivered a feeling and characteristic address. Men of note from Boston and elsewhere were present. Mr Thoreau was 44 years old. He is said to have been engaged, at the time of his death, on several literary works, some of which were so nearly finished as to enable survivors to publish them. Mr Emerson will doubtless undertake this friendly work."

357a "Obituary," *Roxbury (MA) Norfolk County Journal*, 17

May 1862, 2:5.

"Henry Thoreau, who died last week at Concord, had one of the most original minds yet developed in American literature, and wrote a book ('*Walden*') which will always hold the choicest place in the estimation of admirers of true genius. Mr. Emerson spoke for an hour, in his eulogy, at his funeral."

369a *The Gloucester (MA) Telegraph and News*, 24 May 1862, 2:2.

Reprint of a portion of item 355.

376a "*Walden*," *Springfield (MA) Daily Republican*, 31 May 1862, 2:4-5.

Reprint of item 355.

1863

466a "New Publications," review of *Excursions*, *Salem Register*, 19 October 1863, 2:4.

"This volume contains nine of Thoreau's thoughtful and observant shorter literary productions, full of the teachings of his close study and keen appreciation of nature, with a biographical sketch of our Concord hermit and stoic by Ralph Waldo Emerson, who knew him thoroughly and does ample justice to the many fine points in his truly remarkable character. . . . And so his admirers are gathering up every fragment he has left and putting on record in books or in the public press every relic of the recluse Thoreau."

471a "New Publications," review of *Excursions*, *The Boston Recorder*, 23 October 1863, 1:7.

"Thoreau was the most thorough child of nature which our age has produced. He loved an almost savage life as much as did Rousseau, and knew far better how to draw out of it whatever enjoyment lies in it. Every thing he wrote has the scent of the wild woods, as much as Esau's hands smelt of the hunter's craft. There is nothing artificial about this way of putting thoughts on paper. As a most delicate painter of out-door life, he is artless, original, perfect. As a teacher of spiritual truths, he ranks with the naturalistic in distinction from the Christian."

476a Review of *Excursions*, *The Portland (ME) Christian Mirror*, 27 October 1863, 3:6.

"What we lost when this son of the woods, the fields, and the streams went from us, we little knew at the time; we are just beginning to find it out, and every paragraph and line that he left us, now adds a pang of regret, not only at our loss, but that he should be gone before we had learned his value. A spirit so at one with Nature is specially rare and hard to be spared in our country where life is so persistently walled in from every truth and air from the fresh out door, or, if a better sentiment is beginning to work, just such guides are more sadly needed to direct vague enthusiasm, and lead rambling steps into her divine arcana." However, the reviewer concludes: "It is indeed sad to note throughout the volumes the evidences of a lonely life, and doubly so, that a soul so sensitive to the faintest whisper from nature should have been insensible to the same voice in Revelation."

486a "New Books," review of *Excursions*, *Cincinnati Daily Commercial*, 31 October 1863, 1:3.

"Perhaps the most attractive part of this volume is the biographical sketch by which it is prefaced. This covers some twenty-five pages, is from the pen of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and

exceedingly interesting. Thoreau's writings illustrate the character the pencil of Emerson has sketched with a fidelity, the intrinsic evidence of which is perfect."

492a "Literary Notices," review of *Excursions*, *Boston Trumpet and Christian Freeman: A Universalist Magazine*, 7 November, 1863, 2:5.

"Thoreau had the faculty of interpreting nature beyond the gift of most mortals. Not to read what he has written is to forego an opportunity to acquire fresh knowledge."

511a "New Books," *The New York Evening Post*, 18 December, 1863, 1:2.

This review of Ticknor & Fields' *Household Friends* (item 514a above) mentions Thoreau's chapter.

1864

515a "Winter Animals in the Woods," *Household Friends: For Every Season* (Boston: Ticknor and Fields, 1864), pp. 243-252.

Reprints excerpt from "Winter Animals" chapter in *Walden*.

530a "Literary Matters in Boston," *The Northern Monthly: A Magazine of Literature, Civil and Military Affairs* 1 (April 1864), 109-111.

Of Ticknor & Fields, the article notes how: "In the past few weeks they have published volumes by Longfellow, Hawthorne, Whittier, Agassiz, Holmes, Beecher, and Thoreau,—not to mention the names of two of our female writers, who, though they can scarcely be numbered in the category of great names, are eminently popular,—Harriet Prescott and Gail Hamilton." The article later describes Thoreau's *Excursions* as "nature-inspired" and adds that the posthumous publication of *Maine Woods* later that spring "will have much interest for Maine readers."

538a Review of *The Maine Woods*, *The Christian Mirror*, 31 May 1864, 2:6.

"This is a book that will interest every lover of the woods especially in Maine. It looks to us more inviting than any of the previous works of this author. We are especially pleased with the Botanical Appendix, and the vocabulary of Indian words."

542a "Literary Notes," *Concord (NH) Daily Monitor*, 4 June 1864, 2:2.

In an update on the publisher, Ticknor & Fields, the article states: "Their latest publications are '*Maine Woods*' by Thoreau, and '*Stumbling Blocks*,' by Gail Hamilton."

554a "Moose Hunting," *The Boston Recorder*, 10 June 1864, 4:1-2.

Prints excerpt from *Maine Woods*.

569a "Homes of New England Authors," *Boston (MA) True Flag*, 16 July 1864, 2:5-6.

"Only a few miles upon the same road [of the Old Manse] still stands the rough shelter that Thoreau has celebrated in the weird talk of '*Walden*.'"

569b "Night and Morning on Greylock," *Berkshire County Eagle*, 21 July 1864, 1:3-4.

Prints excerpt from Thoreau's *A Week on the Concord and*

Merrimack Rivers.

569c "New Publications," review of *The Maine Woods*, *Springfield (MA) Daily Union*, 20 July 1864, 2:4.

"Thoreau's style is so well known that it is hardly necessary to say that tourists and lovers of nature generally will find this a pleasant book, even though the sketches first published should be re-perusals. Lovingly and almost adoring Nature in her wildness, sights, sounds and incidents are all graphically detailed, and the reader's only regret will be that he too cannot traverse the same ground."

576a "The Chronicle," *Portsmouth (NH) Daily Chronicle*, 1 September 1864, 1:1.

"Walden Pond, in Concord, is said to have shown recently some of the eccentricity of Thoreau, who lived for years upon its banks. During the recent long protracted drought it has steadily risen, and when the recent rains came they found Walden with more water in its bosom than it had at any time before for seven years!"

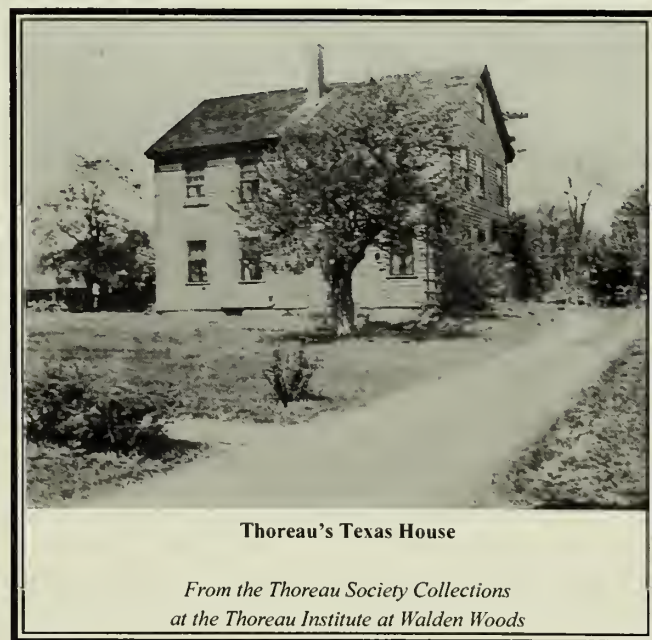
576b "Local," *Portsmouth (NH) Daily Morning Chronicle*, 9 September, 1864, 3:3.

Brief excerpt from *Maine Woods*.

584a Ion, "A Drop Letter," *Portsmouth (NH) Daily Chronicle*, 1 October 1864, 2:3.

Anonymous author describes a trip through the Boston area: "Moving on toward Concord we stopped at Walden Pond, the beautiful little sheet of water which Henry Thoreau, the hermit author, has brought so prominently before the public. Small, entirely surrounded by hills, and having a maximum depth of 102 feet, its waters are very cool and clear, and from great depth appear as blue as the ocean."

¹ Editorial note: the remaining entries from Richard Winslow's archival work, spanning from years 1864-96, will be featured in the summer *Bulletin*.



Thoreau's Texas House

From the Thoreau Society Collections
at the Thoreau Institute at Walden Woods

Thoreau The Land Surveyor: A Review

Randall Conrad

Patrick Chura. *Thoreau the Land Surveyor*. University Press of Florida, 2010. 224p.

The profession Thoreau chose in later life, land surveying, has been variously presented by biographers, mainly positively. It enabled Thoreau to spend many hours out of doors, endlessly noting Concord's flora and fauna cycles; it is proof of his involvement in the human community and of his service to his fellow Concordians; and it brought him a living. Walter Harding found a downside as well: "his surveying was all too often a preliminary to woodcutting on the part of his employers, and thus he was playing his part in the destruction of the Concord woods. That fact was to disturb his conscience for some time."¹

Now we have an engrossing study which looks far more deeply into the relation between surveying and conscience, written by Patrick Chura, a literature scholar who teaches at the University of Akron (Ohio), has contributed to the *Bulletin* and the *Concord Saunterer*, and possesses a hands-on knowledge of surveying—compass, chain, and all. Chura joined his university's historic surveying team to give himself some training in nineteenth-century techniques, brought his equipment to Concord to retrace some of Thoreau's work in the 1850s, reproduced from scratch Thoreau's Walden Pond survey, revisited the old survey sites, and ultimately realized "how much life and mental energy [Thoreau's] more than 165 land surveys had demanded of him" (xii).

It is encouraging to find a man of letters who fully understands the science and mechanics of the technical subjects that so often present themselves in the course of Thoreau's life spent among mechanical devices, mills, tools, and gadgets. It is encouraging too to find a critic whose mind so nimbly ranges from the lyric to the dialectical. Evoking "the echoes of the relentless chopping, . . . the creaking of the shifting ice and the click of the surveying chain," Chura paints a sensual picture of Thoreau's physically demanding effort in his very first survey (1846), that of Walden Pond itself. He depicts Thoreau taking compass bearings,

[w]alking and working on the vast open ice, nestling the wooden legs of the tripod into the snow and leveling the compass on the frozen pond surface, squinting through the compass sight vanes at hundreds of points on the horizon and every contour of the Walden shoreline . . . (24)

Chura's examination of Thoreau's draft survey (as well as the famous final map printed in *Walden* in 1854) reveals "a new form of observation, a merging of manual and intellectual labor previously theorized in transcendental philosophy but now being actually put into practice" (25). Chura consistently brings us outside the perimeter of mere literature, so to speak, and shows us the manual laborer, the better to integrate the seemingly opposite extremes into a unified picture that affords deeper understanding.

Chura offers a radical perspective on Thoreau's choice of profession, arguing that there is a contradiction between living a life of civil disobedience and plying one's trade in support of the institution of private property and environmental degradation. In the course of several chapters, Chura explores the possibility

that "surveying contradicted the preservationist ethos at the core of Thoreau's enduring legacy as our greatest nature writer." He writes, notably:

Imposing straight lines and mathematical formulae upon natural irregularities, marking off and subdividing the landscape near Walden Pond, laying out houses, barns and roads in Concord, Thoreau undeniably participated to some degree in civilized encroachment and environmental defacement. (12)

This is no mere conceit. Chura takes a class-conscious stance, affirming that Thoreau's antiauthoritarian voice in "Civil Disobedience" may have rung true in 1848, but there was "no viable way for Thoreau to both work as Concord's land surveyor and avoid a form of association with the state" beginning in 1851, when he earned a good sum from the town for laying out a road and perambulating and mapping town lines. Chura's words are harsh, yet accurate:

By becoming the town's favored surveyor, Thoreau accepted designation as an employee of the 'corporation' he had once shunned, compromised his hard-won noncompliance with civic authority, and forfeited his institutional anonymity. As journal entries on the 1852 perambulation show, he realized at once that he had 'crossed the line' and 'walked not with God but with the devil,' compromising what he termed the 'charmed circle' he had drawn around his life in exclusion of the trivial and superficial. (13)

Chura produces quite a few examples of modern verifications of Thoreau's technical accuracy as well as praise for his ethical professional standards that have been published by modern historians of surveying. Ultimately, however, Chura wants to get at the sociopolitical dimension of all this—to transcend the contradiction between authoring "Civil Disobedience" and being on the municipal payroll. "Thoreau would have been much more pleased to be classified with John Brown, the most subversive of all surveyors, who [used] the compass and chain as weapons in a war against state-sanctioned injustice," Chura writes (21).

That's right, John Brown, antislavery terrorist and hero to the transcendentalists, worked as a surveyor in Kansas in 1856. With two sons and a son-in-law, Brown surveyed legal boundaries on behalf of Ottawa Indians who were being dispossessed by proslavery poachers and claim-jumpers. He also reportedly would bring equipment and an assistant to the camps of proslavery ruffians to spy out their intentions, being taken for a proslavery sympathizer precisely because of his profession. (Surveyors normally were government men.) Thoreau learned somewhat of Brown's doings when he met him in 1857, and, as Chura points out, refers several times to Brown's profession and his subversive application of it to the abolitionist cause in his lecture "A Plea for Captain John Brown" (1859). Rhetorically, emphasizing the man's surveying skills is Thoreau's way of attesting to Brown's respectable character, integrity, and indeed his sanity and common sense before an audience of unsympathetic listeners.²

In his final chapter, Chura concentrates on Thoreau's nearly two-year survey of the Concord River (1859–60), undertaken for the River Meadow Association, which was involved in suing dam owners for ruining farmers' lands by unnaturally controlling the river's flow rate. (They lost the case.) To support the plaintiffs' arguments, Thoreau plunged into "an all-consuming, more-than-full-time labor" (156) taking measurements along a twenty-two mile stretch of the Concord. Supplementing his extensive statistics, Thoreau gained additional data by interviewing farmers.

Thoreau may have found higher purposes in his own work as a surveyor after encountering Brown, Chura supposes. In the course of 160-odd jobs as a hired engineer, Thoreau had finally managed to be reconciled to the profession, finally performing along the Concord the “spiritually motivated fieldwork” that he had launched with his very first survey, that of the pond in winter.

Chura devotes thoughtful pages to Thoreau’s deathbed effort to square his employment as a surveyor with service to the higher law in his final essays “Life Without Principle” (once titled “The Connection Between Man’s Employment and His Higher Life”) and “Walking” (a “paean to Manifest Destiny,” perhaps, but surely also a dismal prophecy of a world completely divided up into private properties). *Thoreau the Land Surveyor* is a study of Thoreau at once robust and subtle, absorbing to read and thought-provoking long after you have laid it down.

¹ Walter Harding, *The Days of Henry Thoreau* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1992), 186.

² Readers may remember hearing Chura speak on this topic at the Thoreau Society Annual Gathering, July 9, 2009, in his panel presentation “The Concord Surveyor and the Kansas Surveyor.”

The Kitchen Garden at Thoreau Farm: Wherein We Get to Know Beans

Deborah Bier

As the birth house of Henry Thoreau on Virginia Road in Concord finally readied to open for the first time in 2010, I was given permission to plant a kitchen garden beside the house to complement the agricultural and historic landscape. A kitchen garden, a typical farm house presence in earlier times, provided fresh food and herbs for table, herbs for medicinal use, and flowers for beauty. In keeping with the house’s theme to “live deliberately,” I selected plant varieties and garden methods to open visitors’ minds to the extremely broad range of possibilities for growing food in their own backyards.

We grew over 70 varieties in less than 500 square feet during our first season. While everything grown is known or believed to have been in use in the northeastern United States by 1878 (the date the house was moved to its current location and the date of its exterior restoration), our gardening techniques are cutting edge, twenty-first-century, sub-acre, organic, plot-intensive, nutrient dense, backyard, suburban farming methods that look to the future and reflect how challenges and resources have changed since the nineteenth century.

In addition to known date of availability, I gave preference to varieties of vegetables, fruits, herbs, and flowers that also had a connection to this farm’s history; to Concord; to Massachusetts’s or New England’s “foodways,” culture, and traditions; to varieties developed in New England. I also worked with as many New England-grown seeds as possible. I selected highly nutritious, extra flavorful varieties. Each was an heirloom and open-pollinated—meaning we could trust the seeds to breed true if they were saved properly by the gardener, which cannot be done with hybrid or genetically modified seed. Some varieties I selected for their exceptional beauty or unusual form, and others for the benefits they gave to other plants or to the soil. I also included varieties recognized as excellent but rare and endangered due to

a lack of use or availability. The last criterion was that every plant had to be very easy to grow: no fussy or delicate types were allowed.

Construction on the beds began in early December 2009, just days before the year’s first early, substantial snowfall. Volunteers helped construct “lasagna beds” built directly over the existing compacted earth, sand, and gravel driveway. “Lasagna gardening” is a technique of layering organic materials in sheets (also called “sheet composting”), allowing local organic materials to be used without being fully composted first.¹ We kept our materials as local as possible.

The first layer of the beds consisted of several thicknesses of newspaper endrolls delivered to the farm by the *Concord Journal*. Piles of fall leaves were then deployed, donated by a Concordian. Shredded paper came from a large-scale clean out of my home office. These shreds documented some of the last twenty-five years of my life, and generated amusement as my volunteers and I considered how, literally, “a fatal coarseness is the result of mixing in the trivial affairs of men”² and “the better part of the man is soon plowed into the soil for compost.”³

The next layer—goat and hen manure, some quite fresh—was supplied by Thoreau Farm’s groundskeeper from his own livestock. Spoiled hay present from the restoration process (used to protect the wetlands) was put down to line the paths between the beds. These were all left to break down over the winter.

In early April 2010, I tidied up the lasagna beds, and my husband and I dug and transferred to the farm truckloads of finished composted leaves from the Concord recycling facility, located at the site of the former town “sanitary landfill” in Walden



Kitchen garden just before the summer solstice, house in background, June 13, 2010
Photographer: Rich Stevenson

Woods, across from the pond. The beds were capped with the compost and made ready for planting. Seedlings started at my home, as well as gift plants, tubers, and bulbs were planted out immediately. We built fencing to surround the beds from repurposed oak construction markers.

In order to allow large squash and pumpkin plants to spread freely, an additional and separate hay-bale bed created from more spoiled hay layered with donkey manure (imported all the way from Carlisle) was built on top of the graywater septic pumping manhole covers to the north of the house. Since we do not anticipate that the house's composting toilets will need to be pumped more than once ever few years, covering the manholes temporarily was not an issue.

This project offers tremendous teaching possibilities for Thoreau Farm. Exploring how plant varieties are chosen by the gardener, and how they are preserved over the generations, illuminates the "deliberate" choices made around the food we grow and eat. To ascertain the provenance of the seed varieties used, I did extensive research in seed catalogues both in paper and online to see what was available. I consulted *The Field And Garden Vegetables of North America* (1863) by Fearing Burr, Jr., of Hingham, Massachusetts. I consulted the Concord Farmer's Club papers (1850s) at the Concord Free Public Library's Special Collections, similarly dated copies of *The New England Farmer*, and *Wild Fruits* searching for local variety information. I worked with the variety list from the Old Manse garden planted by Gaining Ground, and I consulted with the curator of Special Collections at the Concord Free Public Library.

It turns out that seed for some locally used mid-nineteenth-century varieties can still be found. Many others are unavailable—likely renamed, or extinct, unless they can be located growing in private gardens. I found no list of named varieties that Thoreau planted in any garden.

Can anyone prove exactly when each of these seed varieties came to the United States? Sometimes, yes, quite definitively—some gardeners, like Thomas Jefferson, were dogged documenters (see *The Garden and Farm Books of Thomas Jefferson*, ed. by Robert C. Baron). Other times, we have to go by the date of first commercial offer to the public. In some cases, we only know that a variety was in long use privately or in small geographic regions before it became available to the general public.

The depth and richness (also the intense deliciousness) of our chosen plant varieties amazes me. To illustrate just a small slice of the historical and gustatory possibilities, below I list just the varieties of beans at Thoreau Farm. (So, exactly what kind of beans did Thoreau grow at Walden? From their description they seemed to be some kind of bush bean, but no further information is available.)

In 2011, the footprint of the garden will expand slightly, but the most significant change will be the adding of the "Nutrient Dense Crop Production" approach to our methods. This is where the symbiotic life in the soil is nourished and brought into harmony by balancing the minerals, fungi, and bacteria present. Under the tutelage of an expert in this method of growing, we are adding small but specific amounts of copper, boron, manganese, potassium, sulphur, calcium, sea water, and local stone dust as indicated thorough specialized soil tests. Visitors to the house over this summer and fall will be able to judge the improved results for themselves.

In our continuing effort to be frugal, to recycle, and to uphold 10,000 years of human seed-saving activity, we had an ongoing program to correctly save seed from plants grown in

the kitchen garden. We focused on the easiest varieties of seed to save (*Solanaceae* and *Fabaceae*, to name two major groups); this coming year we will branch out a bit and move up to the next level of difficulty (*Cucurbitaceae*). In these seeds, we have great faith. As Thoreau writes, "Though I do not believe that a plant will spring up where no seed has been, I have great faith in a seed. Convince me that you have a seed there, and I am prepared to expect wonders."⁴

Thoreau Farm, the birthplace of Henry David Thoreau, is located at 341 Virginia Road in Concord, Massachusetts, and is open from May through October on Saturday and Sunday, and by special arrangement. The farm will be hosting its annual Thoreau birthday event during the Society's Annual Gathering. Go to www.ThoreauFarm.org for more information.

¹ Patricia Lanza, *Lasagna Gardening*, (Emmaus, Pennsylvania, Rodale Books, 1998).

² Henry David Thoreau, *The Writings of Henry David Thoreau: Journal, Volume 4*, ed. Leonard N. Neufeldt and Nancy Craig Simmons (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1992), 85.

³ Henry David Thoreau, *The Writings of Henry David Thoreau: Walden* ed. J. Lyndon Shanley (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2004), 5.

⁴ Henry Thoreau, *Faith in a Seed: The Dispersion of Seeds & Other Late Natural History Writings*, ed. Bradley P. Dean (Washington, DC: Island Press, 1996).

Beans of Thoreau Farm

Blue Coco Pole Bean	A pre-1775 French heirloom named for its chocolate seeds and bluish-purple pods. Rare and unusual. Deliciously sweet and visually beautiful.
Christmas Lima Pole Bean	Rich flavor with heavy yields. Buttery chestnut flavor. Dates back to the 1840s. Gorgeous, huge beans. On the United States Slow Food Ark of Taste.
Hutterite Soup Semi-Bush Bean	Grown by Americans by the 1820s. Hutterites, a communal Anabaptist sect persecuted in Austria, are credited with bringing these with them when they escaped to Canada in the 1750s. On the United States Slow Food Ark of Taste.
Mayflower Pole Bean	Said to have been originally brought over on the Mayflower in 1620. On the United States Slow Food Ark of Taste.
Scarlet Runner Pole Bean	One of the oldest runner beans still in existence. First documented in 1750. Rich, beany flavored pods. Attracts pollinators, including butterflies and hummingbirds.
Taylor Dwarf Horticultural Bush Bean	Also known as Speckled Bays, this pre-1800 heirloom bush shell bean produces cream-colored pods early. On the United States Slow Food Ark of Taste.
True Red Cranberry Pole Bean	One of the oldest American bean varieties. Used historically by Abenaki Indians and woodsmen from Maine. On the United States Slow Food Ark of Taste.
Vermont Cranberry Bush Bean	New England heirloom dating back to the 1700s. Useful as either a fresh shell bean or dry bean. Excellent for soups, baking.

Curator's Column

Jeffrey S. Cramer

It is a pleasure to be able to re-establish, on a semi-annual basis, this "Curator's Column" for the *Thoreau Society Bulletin* to inform Society members about things of interest in the collections here at the Thoreau Institute at Walden Woods Library.

Recently we were able to acquire an extraordinary collection of Emerson material that had been put together by Mark Stirling, a collector many of you may know. Mark had been working on this collection for many years, and we were fortunate to be able to add this to our collections. It adds many unique items to our holdings. When you consider this in combination with both the Thoreau Society and Emerson Society collections here, it adds a new layer to the unprecedented collections at the Thoreau Institute.

I asked Mark what he considered some of the highlights of this Emerson material, and he wrote that it was the "one-of-a-kind items that were most appealing; such as the letters and association copies." In particular, the highlights for him were Charles Lane's copy of *Poems*, London, 1847 (Lane promoted Bronson Alcott's educational theories in England and was with him at Fruitlands); George P. Bradford's copy of *The Conduct of Life*, 1860 (Bradford was a lifelong Emerson friend); Robert Cassie Waterston's copy of *Nature*, 1836 (Waterston was present when Emerson buried his brother Charles in New York in 1835 and was part of the Harvard Divinity School class that invited Emerson to give the commencement address in 1838); the prospectus for Theodore Parker's *Massachusetts Quarterly Review*; and a manuscript leaf from Emerson's lecture, "Reform," which became his essay, "Man the Reformer" (1842).

For me, as curator, the item that moved me the most was a fragment of a previously unpublished autograph letter by Emerson's aunt, Mary Moody Emerson, dated a few days before Emerson's first wife Ellen would die of tuberculosis, in which she wrote: "Ellen has been very low for some time—last sat. was able to ride a little. Waldo has borne his personal trials – has done & labored so much for his family that it is grievous to find him so tired—he is discouraged about his lovely flower who has so captivated his affections."

Other rare items include Emerson's unsigned obituary for Hannah Joy published in *The Christian Register* (2 April 1842); some of his earliest published writings in *The Offering* for 1829; a first edition first state copy of *Nature*; and one of only 500 copies printed of *An Oration, Delivered Before the Phi Beta Kappa Society*, at Cambridge, August 31, 1837 ("The American Scholar") which Oliver Wendell Holmes called "the American declaration of literary independence."

Many of these items will be on display at the Thoreau Institute this summer, so if you are here for the Annual Gathering, please stop by. To arrange a visit call 781-259-4730 or send me an email at Jeff.Cramer@walden.org. See you soon.

OBITUARY.

Messrs. Editors,—On my return home from a recent journey I looked in vain in your paper for some sketch of a character so admirable as that of the late Mrs. Hannah Joy. From what motives of delicacy or respect to the dead, this duty to the survivor has been omitted, I know not. I think that a community in which she was so much known and beloved cannot suffer a name so dear to pass away in silence.

For the Register and Observer.

MRS. HANNAH JOY.

Mrs. Joy was a person of such immaculate innocence that she recommended the world in which she lived. That society to which we all conform, might well be proud to contain within it her gentle spirit. She was a lady in whom benevolence was the inspiration, and benevolence the expiration of every breath; a person who rendered the apartment in which she sat, with gentleness and piety; and that her presence was on horse and a beauty to any house and joy company. She was a woman of a singularly pure and lovely nature, of the greatest holiness of mind, swift to find faults in herself, and the only person who was ever able to detect them; a person on whom not by nature a certain beauty of behaviour which consecrated her in every company like the circle of light which painters draw art and the heads of saints. She was a piece of pure kindness—the will to be good from the inalienable propriety of it, and the impossibility of doing otherwise. Although rich, yet habitually modest in her own caprice, she delighted from youth to age in constant acts of generosity; performed to great numbers of persons, and proceeding to her last moment from the same glow of affection, which the frosts of age did not cool. Her extreme delicacy made it as graceful and honorable to accept from her a benefit as it is often ungrateful and odious. She had that more than royal grace of giving which confers an honor as well as a favor in every action. We owe all the debtors of that soul which wears the weeds of her nature with dignity—and faith, and her behaviour was so charming that men of fine intellect and men of great energy of action might well pause respectfully before a woman so excellent in her mind; and each man did pay her in portion to their own foes the homage of their deference.

Peace, if possible
Justice at any rate
Wm Phillips
1876

Wendell Phillips autograph note:
"Peace if possible / Justice at any rate"

From the Walden Woods Project Collection at the Thoreau Institute at Walden Woods

Emerson's rare unsigned obituary for Hannah Joy
(*The Christian Register*, 2 April 1842)

From the Walden Woods Project Collection
at the Thoreau Institute at Walden Woods

Pages from a Thoreau Country Journal

J. Walter Brain

Introduction

Under the above title, the *Thoreau Society Bulletin* welcomes a column by J. Walter Brain consisting of selections from pages of a journal kept for several decades and set mainly in Thoreau Country, that is, in Henry Thoreau's home region in and around Concord, Massachusetts, and up and down the Assabet, Sudbury, and Concord rivers. The journal entries cover material of primarily topographical interest relating to natural history, the seasons, geography and physiography, history, and thought. The journal simply records a saunterer's impressions and does not subscribe to strict scientific or scholarly rigor. The author appreciates readers calling attention to errors of fact.

April 24th, 1986

My eyes net their first Tree Swallow of the season as the restless *Hirundo* perches for one also restless moment at the summit of a maple snag. The swallow lifts into spirited flight to a great height, only to bounce back from the spring sky and circle over a riverain swampy cove with impetuous drive but infinite grace. My heart lifts too and chases after the swallow with the same impetus. Anon, a second and a third swallow join in the chase, which proves precisely that, a chase for precious territory—none other than the cozy cove filled with shrub willows ensconced just downstream from Pole Brook Swamp by the Sudbury River, in Lincoln. Creel Island and Knakers Point bound the cove at its mouth on the Sudbury. Minot Hill, with its wooded steep rise, bounds it at the back. A spur of wooded high ground jutting out from the foot of Minot Hill separates the pretty cove from Pole Brook Swamp, which Thoreau also knew as Bidens Brook Swamp.

Creel Island, a hump of an islet rising beyond a narrow gap from the tip of the wooded spur, lures the retiring saunterer, who needs only wade across. The islet harbors what appears to be one of the very rare local native stations of the Flowering Cornel, or Flowering Dogwood, *Cornus florida*, soon to prove its worth in bloom. I know of only two other native stations of this most beautiful of our indigenous flowering trees, both locales reported by Thoreau himself. One lies at what the poet-philosopher called the Island Woods, Island Neck, or Island Point, or simply the "Island," behind Egg Rock, a few miles down river from this islet. The other station lies at Cornus Florida Ravine, the rocky dale by Bateman's Pond in Concord's Estabrook Woods so named by Thoreau because of the rare find. *Cornus florida* continues to thrive at both locations reported by Thoreau. The station at Creel Island I believe to be my own lucky find!

Knakers Point, another spur from Minot Hill, separates the swallows' cove from the riparian wetland to its northeast, a close that I have called for years Misery Swamp, actually Wheeler's Cranberry Meadow, as Thoreau knew it after farmer Abiel Wheeler. Pussy Willow, *Salix discolor*, and what appears to be Slender Willow, *Salix gracilis*, also known as Meadow Willow, fill up the reclusive swallows' cove, leaving little room for open water. A few half-shriveled maple snags rise above the willowy mass—shall this snug riparian close go by the name of Willowy Cove?, or, perhaps, Creel Cove, after the little Island on its western rim?

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My wits rattled by a Belted Kingfisher's sudden, immediate call, I shift my attention to the low-flying fisher king as it dashes across the cove, followed by a train of American Goldfinches in undulating flight; the finches' coats turning now from olive-green to brilliant yellow. I ramble along the edge of the cove, and across slope on Minot Hill, to Knakers Point. Canada Mayflowers, *Maianthemum canadense*, carpet the ground on the wooded slopes, each plant a single unfolding shiny leaf as it sprouts, the like of myriad votive candles to Vertumnus, who watches over the progress of the seasons. Basal rosettes of Downy Rattlesnake-plantain, *Goodyera pubescens*, hug the ground, the checkered evergreen leaves said to resemble a rattlesnake's skin. Sweet Viburnums, *Viburnum lentago*, now in leaf, make sprightly bushes—the paired pointed leaves unfold with a bronze sheen, animated, alert, and perky! Midges on transparent wings teem in clouds and columns against the spring light. Red-winged Blackbirds have now parted company and staked their territories on the river meadows, calling from their perches in disconsolate, forlorn strains. American Robins carol with the same drooping accent, as though the skies had turned gray and the day banished mirth! From Knakers Point, the bay at Fair Haven glimmers with turquoise reflections it must pick up from some Antillean sky.

"More Lives to Live" Thoreau's Life/Texts:

Abstracts from the Thoreau Society Session at MLA (Modern Language Association)
Los Angeles, January 6, 2011

Chair: Laura Dassow Walls, University of South Carolina

1) "Tracking a Life: The Narrative of Thoreau's Manuscripts," Beth Witherell, Editor-in-Chief, *The Writings of Henry D. Thoreau*
The physical features of Thoreau's manuscripts (what they look like, what markings they bear besides the words Thoreau wrote) and the contexts in which they are found (where they are now and how they got there) reveal information that is necessary to making informed editorial decisions. Three examples illustrate the use of physical and circumstantial evidence along with the textual content to help understand the significance of the manuscripts. The first involves the manuscript volume of the journal that Thoreau numbered "19" (May 13, 1855–January 3, 1856) and in which he wrote from both ends of the book toward the middle. From mid-May or June through mid-September he had been too ill to work on his journal in the usual way—keeping notes on his walks and expanding them in the journal on the day of the walk or later—and he used the manuscript volume in this unexpected way in order to give himself maximum flexibility in expanding the notes he had saved up. The second involves the discovery that although November 3, 1861, is the last dated journal entry Thoreau wrote in a manuscript volume, he continued to keep notes on the natural phenomena of Concord through January 1862. The third involves assigning a new date, before March 5, 1853, for Thoreau's returning, to the secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a printed questionnaire about his scientific interests. Separating the questionnaire from the December 19, 1853, letter in which it has been assumed to have been enclosed opens the way to a revised understanding of Thoreau's connection to the scientific community of his time.

2) "Measures of Meaning: Thoreau's Surveying as Life Narrative," Patrick Chura, University of Akron

The story of how the best surveyor in Concord combined civil engineering with civil disobedience is an underappreciated "life narrative" that adds significantly to our biographical knowledge of Thoreau. From one perspective, Thoreau should have valued his surveying work because it allowed him to analyze environmental characteristics while earning money. From another perspective, surveying contradicted the preservationist ethos at the core of his natural philosophy. Close analysis of Thoreau's surveying procedures and manuscripts indicates that while he often struggled with the property-based aims of his employers, he creatively addressed this conflict in both his field work and literary efforts. Woven into the fabric of Thoreau's public and private writings is a deftly crafted, politically engaged, countercultural surveying treatise.

3) "Thoreau, the Journal, and Writing Life," David M. Robinson, Oregon State University

The conjunction of the terms "life" and "writing" initially suggests forms such as biography, autobiography, diary, and journal writing. But those do not exhaust this rich association of words, one with particular relevance to our understanding of Thoreau's use of his journal. In a series of journal entries from November 1858, when Thoreau watched the final phases of autumn and the beginning of winter, he suggests a way of seeing springs out of ourselves, as we bring a new identity to each familiar experience. Empowered by "seeing" an ever-new world with ever-fresh eyes, Thoreau turned the observation of the natural world into an event of re-birth. There is a tension, however, between Thoreau's efforts to envision nature as newly evolving, and his efforts to see it as an ever-repeating cycle of return that is clearly evident in these November 1858 passages. To see nature as newly evolving is modern, moving toward Darwinian evolution, and to a sense of a radically open universe similar to the vision of William James. To find an ever-repeating cycle of return in nature is ancient wisdom, looking back toward the sacred texts of Asian religion, which as we know had a powerful impact on him.

Additions to the Thoreau Bibliography

Robert N. Hudspeth

Bordo, Jonathan. "The Wilderness as Symbolic Form—Thoreau, Grunewald, and the Group of Seven." In *Reflective Landscapes of the Anglophone Countries*. Ed. Pascale Guibert. Amsterdam and New York: Rodopi, 2011. 312p. papercover (ISBN 9789042032613), \$84.00. Pp. 149-172.

Cameron, Scott Cannon. "Owning America: American Literature, Ecocriticism, and the Attempt to Redefine Land Ownership." 2011. PhD dissertation. Boston University. 281p. "This dissertation explores the ways American authors redefine land ownership to satisfy their need for a sense of belonging in a new world. In examining the relationships forged between characters and the land through ownership, this study builds on ecocritical methodology while offering two critiques of that methodology. First, contrary to ecocriticism's lionizing of untouched wilderness, the authors I study envision a natural world that encourages human presence. Second, in adopting tenets of modern environmentalism, ecocriticism has ignored the way American authors connect people and nature through

land ownership. Chapter one argues that contrary to recent ecocritical readings of Henry David Thoreau, which herald his prescience in promoting the preservation of untouched wilderness, Thoreau actually sought a middle ground where wildness and domesticity could coexist. Though Thoreau is often openly critical of the concept of ownership, his works from *Walden* to the posthumously published *Wild Fruits* redefine ownership as a concept to allow multiple people as well as animals to own land through personal use (including uses ranging from occupancy to aesthetic enjoyment) instead of basing ownership on exclusive use rights and legal title."

Canada, Mark. *Literature and Journalism in Antebellum America: Thoreau, Stowe, and Their Contemporaries Respond to the Rise of the Commercial Press*. New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2011. 214p. hardcover (ISBN 9780230110946), \$80.00.

Cenk1, Pavel, ed. *Nature and Culture in the Northern Forest: Region, Heritage, and Environment in the Rural Northeast*. Reviewed by Paul Searls in *New England Quarterly* 84, No. 1 (March 2011): 189-191.

Chura, Patrick. *Thoreau the Land Surveyor*. Reviewed by G. D. MacDonald in *Choice* (April 2011): 1478.

Cooney, Kevin Patrick. "Bachelor Reformers: Self-Reliance, Marriage, and Utopia in the Antebellum Era." 2010. PhD dissertation. University of California, Los Angeles. 295p. "Sociological and literary studies of bachelorhood have demonstrated that bachelors, as portrayed in nineteenth-century newspaper editorials, behavioral manuals, and popular fiction, were a lightning rod for cultural anxiety about male sexuality. However, because most of these studies focus on portrayals of bachelorhood in popular fiction or focus only superficially on the antebellum era, a sustained, comprehensive study of bachelorhood in the works of the American Renaissance is still needed. Drawing on the work of Howard Chadacoff, Vincent Bertolini, Katherine Snyder, and others, I provide that comprehensive study here. In this dissertation, I argue that the writers of the American Renaissance reveal an unacknowledged context for antebellum bachelorhood. Rather than understanding bachelorhood in the context of moral reform and male purity, these writers link bachelorhood with utopian ideology. For this reason, I argue that the proper context for understanding bachelorhood is the American communitarian movement of the 1840s. This movement attempted to make labor more egalitarian, create a communal home, and provide an alternative to the failures of capitalism, but in the popular mind, it was linked with free love. By connecting bachelorhood with these utopian communities, the writers of the American Renaissance attempted to explore questions of marriage, sexuality, and reform. Chapter one introduces the issue of reform as articulated by Emerson and Thoreau and examines how their assumptions about marriage and the home shape their conception of the single male reformer."

Cramer, Jeffrey S. *The Quotable Thoreau*. New Haven: Yale University Press, 2011. 552p. hardcover (ISBN 0691139970), \$19.95.

Dilts, Wayne T. "The First Edmund A. Schofield Memorial Train Wreck." *Thoreau Society Bulletin* No. 273 (Winter 2011): 4-6.

Dimock, Wai-Chee. *Through Other Continents: American Literature Across Deep Time*. Reviewed by Mark Pedretti in *Emerson Society Papers* 19, No. 2 (Fall 2008): 13-14.

- Fichtenbaum, Judith. "Henry Thoreau and Concord Painting." *Thoreau Society Bulletin* No. 273 (Winter 2011): 2-3.
- French, Allen. *Historic Concord and the Lexington Fight*. Ed. Leslie Perrin Wilson. Reviewed by David Wood in *Thoreau Society Bulletin* No. 273 (Winter 2011): 10.
- Fresonke, Kris. *West of Emerson: The Design of Manifest Destiny*. Reviewed by James Salazar in *Emerson Society Papers* 17, No. 2 (Fall 2006): 13-14.
- Goto, Shoji. *The Philosophy of Emerson and Thoreau: Orientals Meet Occidentals*. Reviewed by Alan D. Hodder in *Emerson Society Papers* 19, No. 2 (Fall 2008): 12-13.
- Gross, John, ed. *The New Oxford Book of Literary Anecdotes*. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2008. 400p. papercover (ISBN 0199543410), \$16.95.
- Izumi, Katsuya. "Speaking Through Self-Effacement: The Sermonic Influence in Melville, Dickinson, and Thoreau." 2011. PhD dissertation. State University of New York at Albany. 229p. "This dissertation focuses on how some of the major literary authors of nineteenth-century America attempt to speak through self-effacement by adopting the preaching styles and effects of early Protestant sermons, as well as their purposes for doing so. There is the evanescence of characters in Herman Melville's novels such as *Moby-Dick* (1851) and *Pierre* (1852), of the speaker in Emily Dickinson's poems, and of the narrator in Henry David Thoreau's *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers* (1849) and *Walden* (1854). In their works there is a certain type of abhorrence toward the self, and they constantly try to efface the individual's voice. Underlying their efforts to make the characters, the speaker, or the narrator undergo self-effacement, there is the belief that if these efforts are successful, then the words coming through the non-subjective voice may tell the truth. My argument in this project is that in order to grapple with their attempts to speak through self-effacement, these nineteenth-century authors adopt the sermonic voice of the preachers who are trying to efface their own voices to deliver the Word of God from the pulpits."
- Johnson, Rochelle. *Passions for Nature: Nineteenth-Century America's Aesthetics of Alienation*. Reviewed by Leslie Eckel in *Emerson Society Papers* 21, No. 1 (Spring 2010): 7-8.
- Keith, Brianne. "Thoreau Country Project: Mapping Thoreau Country." *Thoreau Society Bulletin* No. 273 (Winter 2011): 11.
- Kish, Carey. "A Pilgrimage to Thoreau's Walden Pond." [*Portland*] *Maine Sunday Telegram* (April 24, 2011), p. 2 of "Maine Today Media" section.
- Lemire, Elise Virginia. *Black Walden: Slavery and Its Aftermath in Concord, Massachusetts*. Reviewed by Craig Lambert in *Humanities: The Magazine of the National Endowment for the Humanities* 31, No. 5 (September/October 2010): 34-37.
- Lysaker, John T., and William Rossi, eds. *Emerson & Thoreau: Figures of Friendship*. Reviewed by Thomas Meaney in *TLS* (November 5, 2010): 3-4 and by Paul Grimstad in *Emerson Society Papers* 22, No. 1 (Spring 2011): 12-13.
- Meehan, Sean Ross. *Mediating American Autobiography: Photography in Emerson, Thoreau, Douglass, and Whitman*. Reviewed by Peter Norberg in *Emerson Society Papers* 21, No. 1 (Spring 2010): 7.
- Meyer, Andrew J. "Occasions of Wildness: Literature, Simultaneity, and Habitation." 2010. PhD dissertation. University of Washington. 268p. "With literature as a guide to thinking, this dissertation takes up the persistent cultural problem of wilderness. Wilderness—and wildness—have come to narrowly and unproductively suggest only those places and beings in the world considered 'non-human.' How this designation is made, however, pits reductive ideas of civilization against what is deemed its 'other' (including other species and humans deemed 'uncivilized'). Despite challenges to this idea of wilderness (noting its ignorance of more than 10,000 years of human history in so-called 'wild' places), the prevailing wilderness enthusiasm, primarily in the U.S., but increasingly worldwide, remains committed to a 'non-human' wildness, with troubling cultural and environmental consequences. Engaging a broad range of texts and genres, I argue for literary thinking as a way to imagine alternatives to how we think about wildness. In my readings, literary texts reveal what I call 'habitation paradigms': the usually unspoken principles by which the living make their homes in the world and relate to and interact with others. Wildness, then, is a measurement of what does not 'fit' or 'belong' in the habitation paradigm. But literature, by revealing to ourselves an image of our present, also offers a way to describe new 'hodiernal circles' (Emerson's term). In other words, literature can also incite paradigm shifts in our habitation, providing new ways to encounter, engage, and live with sometimes radically other beings when we and they 'know simultaneity,' in Adrienne Rich's words, without the immediate urge toward assimilation or colonization. Drawing on Emerson and others, habitation paradigms (and the wildernesses they delimit) are traced through diverse texts," one of which is Thoreau's *Maine Woods*.
- Schreiner, Samuel Agnew. *The Concord Quartet: Alcott, Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau and the Friendship that Freed the American Mind*. Reviewed by Shelley Cox in *Library Journal* (August 2006): 87.
- Shaffer, Andrew. *Great Philosophers Who Failed at Love*. New York: HarperPerennial, 2011. 208p. papercover (ISBN 0061969818), \$12.99. Pp. 162-165.
- Sharp, David. "Another National Park in Maine?" *Portland [Maine] Press Herald*. (March 28, 2011), p. 1. Roxanne Quimby plans to donate 70,000 acres next to Baxter State Park with a visitor center dedicated to Thoreau. The *Press* of April 20, 2011 announced her purchase of the Lunksoos Camps on the Penobscot River where Thoreau explored.
- "Thoreau and Poetry: All That We Do Not Know." *Thoreau Society Bulletin* No. 273 (Winter 2011): 8-9. Four poems, the first a reformatting of a passage from Thoreau's "A Winter Walk," titled "The Sluggish Smoke from 'A Winter Walk.'"; the second a poem by J. Walter Brain, "Baker Farm," dedicated to Richard O'Connor; the final two by Catherine Staples, "The Highland Light" and "Walking the Atlantic."
- Thoreau, Henry D. *The Journal of Henry David Thoreau 1837-1861*. Ed. Damion Searls. Reviewed by Thomas Meaney in *TLS* (November 5, 2010): 3-4.
- . *Walden*. Intro. by Sam Pickering. Macon, Ga.: Mercer University Press, 2011. 325p. papercover (ISBN 0881462314), \$18.00.
- Vest, Jay Hansford C. *Will-of-the-Land: A Philosophy of Wilderness Praxis and Environmental Ethics*. Saarbrücken, Germany: VDM Verlag Dr. Müller, 2011. 352p. hardcover (ISBN 9783639314762), \$105.00.

Walls, Laura Dassow. *The Passage to Cosmos: Alexander von Humboldt and the Shaping of America*. Reviewed by Tom Potter in *Thoreau Society Bulletin* No. 273 (Winter 2011): 1-2.

Willis, Lloyd. *Environmental Evasion: The Literary, Critical, and Cultural Politics of "Nature's Nation."* Albany, N.Y., State University of New York Press, 2011. 275p. hardcover (ISBN 9781438432816), \$75.00. Comments on Thoreau in a chapter on Emerson.

Wilson, Leslie Perrin. *In History's Embrace—Past and Present in Concord, Massachusetts*. Reviewed by Elizabeth Addison in *Emerson Society Papers* 20, No. 1 (Spring 2009): 10-11.



We are indebted to Richard Winslow III for information used in this *Bulletin*. Please keep your editor informed of items not yet added and new items as they appear.

Notes & Queries

Kurt Moellering

Thanks to all who contributed to *TSB* 274. **Joseph L. "Joel" Andrews**, M.D of Concord. is a semi-retired internist, founder and director of the Concord Guides Walking Tours, author of a book about Revolutionary Boston, Lexington, and Concord and of a forthcoming introductory book about Concord authors. **Tom Waite**, a retiring ecology professor from Ohio State University, is currently at work on a series of books on sustainability. **Richard E. Winslow III** is a maritime/marine/ naval historian with books on the Civil War and the Portsmouth (NH) naval shipyard. **Randall Conrad** is an independent Thoreau scholar and the director of the Thoreau Project at www.calliope.org/thoreau/. **Deborah Bier** is a long-time Concord resident, a board member of Thoreau Farm Trust, and publisher/editor of ConcordMA.com, a community website about "all things Concord." **Jeffrey S. Cramer** is the Curator of Collections at the Thoreau Institute at Walden Woods and editor of the recent *The Quotable Thoreau* for Princeton University Press. **J. Walter Brain** lives in Lincoln, Massachusetts, at a crow's call from Walden Woods. He currently serves on the Board of Directors of the Thoreau Society and chairs its Finance Committee. Thanks too to the *Bulletin's* keen-eyed proofreaders: **Bob Hudspeth**, **Dave Bonney**, **Nicholas Chase**, and **Brianne Keith**.

Phyllis Siracusa sends a clipping from the Saturday, October 30, 2010, *New York Times* about a dance routine by Ballet Preljocaj, which was inspired by John Cage's vocal solo "Empty Words." "Empty Words" was itself inspired by Thoreau's work and features Cage reading Thoreau as his voice becomes more and more sound-based and difficult to decipher. **Bob Hudspeth** too sends word of this dance recital.

Jym St. Pierre forwards a story of a re-creation of Thoreau's Maine excursion done in reverse. In the *Maine Sunday Telegram* of April 24, 2011, Carey Kish tells of his journey from Maine to Concord and explains that if "Thoreau could travel to Maine, then I too could make the trip south." Jym also notes that Thoreau was mentioned in the commencement address, given by Rice University history professor Dr. Douglas Brinkley, at the University of Maine at Fort Kent. Brinkley offered Thoreau as an example of someone who used Maine as a place to visit that offered solace and spiritual renewal.

Michael Berger sends word of an article about the history of

idleness in which Thoreau plays a part. In the spring 2011 edition of *Lapham's Quarterly*, Sven Birkerts's article, "The Mother of Possibility," frames Thoreau as "the most visible spokesperson for doing nothing, provided that it is the right kind of nothing" and argues that "much of Thoreau's work can be read as a kind of apologia for attuned idleness."

Notes from Concord

Michael J. Frederick, Executive Director

The Thoreau Society begins its fiscal year on the first of April each spring and with that comes planning for the year ahead. I ask you to join me and the Board of Directors in making a generous donation in support of the Society and its programs.

Without your support, the Society would not be able to continue actively promoting Thoreau's life, works, and legacy. With your support, we will be able to produce wide-ranging activities and programs that engage people from all walks of life.

Henry Thoreau joined few organizations in his lifetime, but he did join some. He was particularly attracted to ones that fostered an interchange of ideas and collective learning. He was a member Harvard's Institute of 1777 debating fraternity, the Concord Lyceum—where he was elected five times to office and from 1838 to 1839 served as Lyceum Secretary—and served as a corresponding member of the Boston Society of Natural History. He was also a frequent contributor to the *Dial*, even though its editor regularly refused to publish his poetry!

As a Thoreau Society member, you value sharing ideas, and you understand the importance of Thoreau's writings. By contributing to our Spring Appeal, you will help us bring informative programs to members and the public through our Window on Walden Authors series, our work within the Concord Historical Collaborative and the Birth House, and our continued presence at Walden Pond State Reservation, as the Friends of Walden Pond.

In July, the Society will host its 70th Annual Gathering, titled *Henry D. Thoreau's Environmental Ethos: Then & Now*. Your generous gift will also allow us to maintain the current level of quality for future Gatherings, especially as we look forward to 2012, when we will celebrate 150 years of Thoreau's legacy. These events attract a large following of scholars, wishing to advance knowledge about Thoreau, and enthusiasts, seeking to learn about and adopt Thoreauvian principles in their own lives.

Your contribution will help us improve the quality and scope of the Society's publications: *The Thoreau Society Bulletin*, *Concord Saunterer: A Journal of Thoreau Studies*, periodic books, and digital initiatives. In particular, through the ongoing support of members like you, we have broadened our horizons and expanded our outreach activities. Using the Thoreau Society Collections at the Thoreau Institute at Walden Woods, the Society is working to create digital projects that will bring to life Thoreau's work for the next generation. I encourage you to preview www.mappingthoreaucountry.org, still under construction, to see just one project among a few we have recently initiated.

Your gift today will help others awaken to Thoreau's significance and help to foster the growing, global popularity of his ideals.

Your tax-deductable donation can be sent to: The Thoreau Society, c/o the Spring Appeal, 341 Virginia Road, Concord, MA 01742.

President's Column

Tom Potter

I am saddened once again by the loss of another friend, John Chateaufort, who passed away this spring after a long and courageous battle against cancer. I am sure that many of you who travel to Concord each year for the Annual Gathering knew John. You also may have participated in one of his evening walks as he unfolded the stories of Concord past.

John served the Society as our Educational and Membership Outreach Coordinator, helping to organize the Arlo Guthrie concert and coordinating the Thoreau Society Lyceum, featuring popular speakers influenced by Thoreau. John also worked in the shop at Walden Pond, assisted in the office on the membership program, and helped us prepare for the Annual Gathering each year. John was known beyond Concord as well for his knowledge of the history of the literary movement of nineteenth-century New England. His cheerful and always cooperative ways will be remembered by those of us who had the opportunity to know and work with him over the past few years. Even in ill health he was always ready to step in and assist in whatever capacity that would make the Annual Gathering and the Society accomplish its goals.

John's memory and influence will be discussed in those small clusters that gather around the Masonic Temple to reminisce old times. I for one will miss his pleasant greeting each time we arrived in Concord. I will also miss the figure of John as he rode his bike to the shop and office, often stopping at Dunkin Donuts where we shared a similar interest in fine food. But he would soon be on his way, as if he "had many miles to go" before he rested.

In December, John and Keya celebrated the birth of their child, Evangeline. Through mother and child John's wonderful spirit will continue to be felt in Concord and also each year at the Annual Gathering.

Look for us online at www.thoreausocietybulletin.org. Post your comments and observations in our online Notes & Queries.

Remember to submit items for the spring *Bulletin* to your editor before July 30, 2011 kurt.moellering@thoreausociety.org.

Although exceptions will occasionally be made for longer pieces, in general articles and reviews should be no longer than 1500 words. All submissions should conform to *The Chicago Manual of Style*. The Thoreau Edition texts (Princeton University Press) should be used as the standard for quotations from Thoreau's writings, when possible. Contributors need not be members of the Thoreau Society, but all non-members are heartily encouraged to join.

The *Thoreau Society Bulletin*, published quarterly by The Thoreau Society™, is indexed in *American Humanities Index* and *MLA International Bibliography*.

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Established in 1941, **The Thoreau Society, Inc.**, is an international nonprofit organization with a mission to stimulate interest in and foster education about Thoreau's life, works, legacy, and his place in his world and in ours, challenging all to live a deliberate, considered life. The Thoreau Society™ has the following organizational goals:

- To encourage research on Thoreau's life and works and to act as a repository for Thoreau-related materials
- To educate the public about Thoreau's ideas and their application to contemporary life
- To preserve Thoreau's legacy and advocate for the preservation of Thoreau country

Membership in the Society includes subscriptions to its two publications, the *Thoreau Society Bulletin* (published quarterly) and *The Concord Saunterer: A Journal of Thoreau Studies* (published annually). Society members receive a 10% discount on all merchandise purchased from The Thoreau Society Shop at Walden Pond and advance notice about Society programs, including the Annual Gathering.

Membership: Thoreau Society, 341 Virginia Road, Concord, MA 01742, U.S.A.; tel: (978) 369-5310; fax: (978) 369-5382; e-mail: info@thoreausociety.org.

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Concord Saunterer: A Journal of Thoreau Studies: Laura Dassow Walls, Department of English, 519 Humanities Office Bldg, University of South Carolina, Columbia, SC 29208, U.S.A.; tel: (803) 777-2308; e-mail: wallsld@mailbox.sc.edu.

Thoreau Society Bulletin: Kurt Moellering, Thoreau Society, 341 Virginia Road, Concord, MA 01742, U.S.A.; tel: (617) 852-9889; fax (978) 369-5382; e-mail: kurt.moellering@thoreausociety.org.

The Thoreau Society Collections: the Society's Collections are housed at the Thoreau Institute at Walden Woods, owned and managed by the Walden Woods Project. For information about using the Collections or visiting the Institute, please contact the curator at: curator@walden.org.

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